

ROCKY LANE'S
BLACK JACK



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BLACK JACK

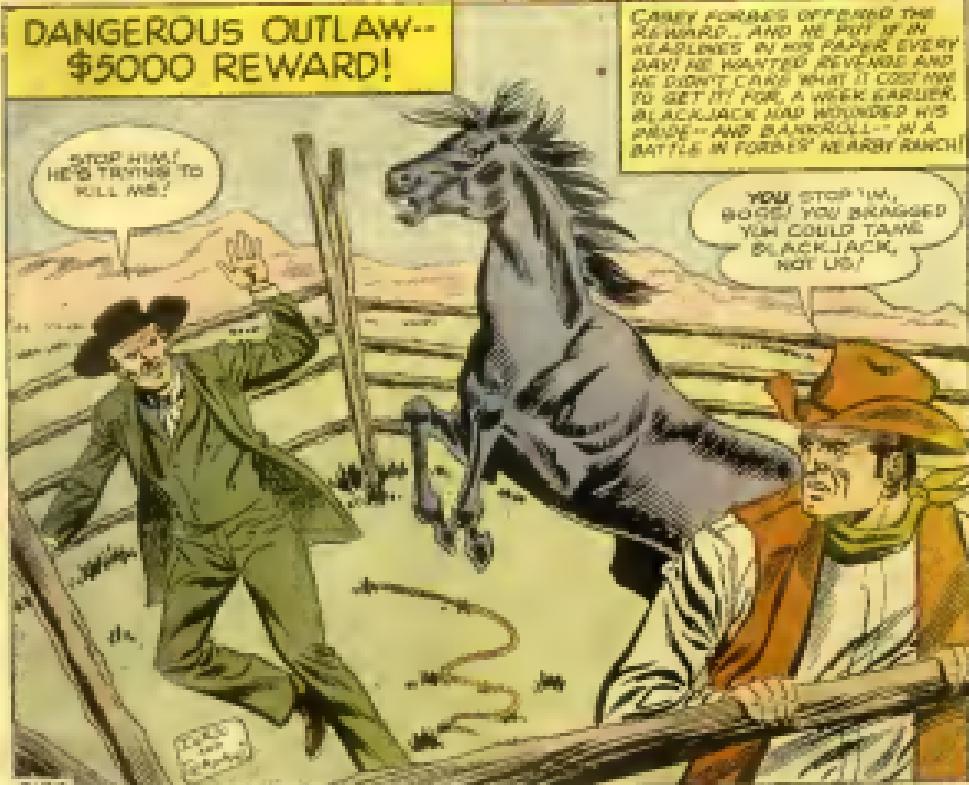


Rocket Lane's

BLACK JACK

DANGEROUS OUTLAW--
\$5000 REWARD!

COWBOY FORBES OFFENDED THE
KIDWARD... AND HE PUT UP IN
HEADLINES IN HIS PAPER. EVERY
DAY HE WANTED REVENGE AND
HE DIDN'T CARE WHAT IT COST HIM
TO GET HIS PEG. A WEEK EARLIER,
BLACKJACK HAD HONORED HIS
PROMISE-- AND BANDED-- IN A
BATTLE IN FORBES' NEIGHBOR RANCH!



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I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN, YOU
BRUTE! AND I'LL TAKE YOU!

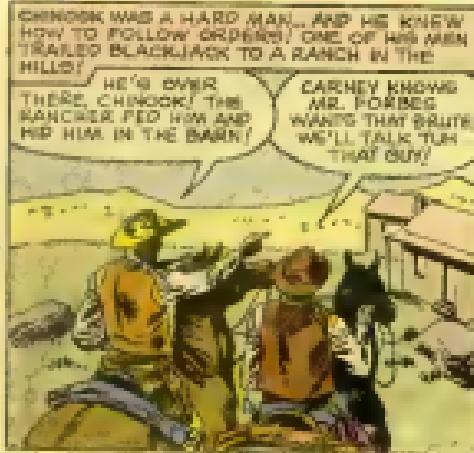


FORBES
HAD TWO
DOZEN
MEN
ON HIS
WYRROLL.
ALL OF
THEM
HARD-
CASERS
WHO WOULD
PAID WELL
TO DO
FORBES'
DISHING!

RUN HIM DOWN,
GET THAT STALLION!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE
GENTLE, CHINOOK!



BLACK JACK



BLACK JACK

I'LL SETTLE THIS BIGHT NOW!

WE MUST GET HIM!

NOT ME! I'M NOT CRAZY!

SIT, BOTH OF YOU. YOU'LL NEVER GET THAT HORSE--HE HAS FRIENDS! TELL FORBES TO DO HIS OWN DIRTY WORK!



BLACK JACK WAS HUNTED BY EVERY ABLE BORBO MAN IN THE COUNTRY! BUT HE ELUDED THEM, USING ALL THE CUNNING HE'D BEEN BORN WITH. THE TRICKS HE'D LEARNED...

WE THOUGHT WE HAD HIM, TRAPPED! HE'S ESCAPING AGAIN! HE'S CLEVER!



I HOPE MR. FORBES NEVER CAPTURED HIM! THEY SAY HE'S VICTIOUS. THEY ALL TALK ABOUT HOW HE ATTACKED MR. FORBES AND THAT AWFUL CHINOOK. I THINK BLACK JACK WAS RIGHT!



EARLY AUTUMN WAS RANGED OVER... SHE KNEW THE MOUNTAINS AS WELL AS ANY OF THE MEN! SHE STRUCK OUT ON HER OWN FOLLOWING A HUNCH...

I FEEL SO SAFE HERE! I'M SURE BLACK JACK IS CLOSE BY! I CAN SENSE HIM...



BLACK JACK

NO, EMILY JUSTINE WASN'T ALONE... THE MOUNTAIN LION AND HER CUBS WERE HIDING IN THE CAVE... AND BLACK JACK WAS ABOVE!



THE GIRL
ARRANGED
WITH THE
FOLK...
COOKING
BREAKFAST,
GATHERING
WOOD...
AND
FRIGHTENING
A MOTHER
WITH
CUBS
INTO ACTION!



SOMETHING CLICKED IN THE LIONESS' MIND... A DECISION WAS MADE, A DECISION TO ATTACK!



BLACK JACK

THE GREAT
CAT MOVED,
CARNED,
WHEELED,
AND...

OH, I HOPE
THEY DON'T
FIGHT!



GOOD-- SHE'S
LEAVING!
BLACKJACK,
YOU WERE
WONDERFUL!

YOU'RE
A DARLING!

IN THAT MOMENT, HUGGING
THE GREAT STALLION, THE
GIRL REMEMBERED THE
REWARD POSTERS... SHE
REMEMBERED THAT HE
WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AN
OUTLAW!

THEY LIED.

BLACKJACK, YOU'RE
GENTLE! IT'S CARRY
FORSES AND
HIS MEN
WHO ARE
VICIOUS!



IF I LET YOU'LL
LET ME RIDE YOU!
WILL YOU
BLACKJACK?

YOU'RE AS GENTLE AS ANY
HORSE COULD BE, BLACKJACK!
I KNOW... WE'LL PROVE IT TO EVERY-
ONE ELSE! WE'LL MAKE FORSES
WITHDRAW HIS REWARD!



BLACK JACK



BLACK JACK



BLACK JACK

BLACK JACK'S NOT VICTIM. FORBES! WE KNOW THE REAL STORY NOW! YOU OUGHTA BE RUN OUTA TOWN!

OTHERS READ IT... AND THEY FEEL THE SAME WAY!



THE REWARD WAS NEVER PAID... CARRY FORBES DIDN'T STAY AROUND TOWN LONG ENOUGH TO DO ANYTHING! HE WAS LAUGHED OUT OF TOWN!



BLACK JACK



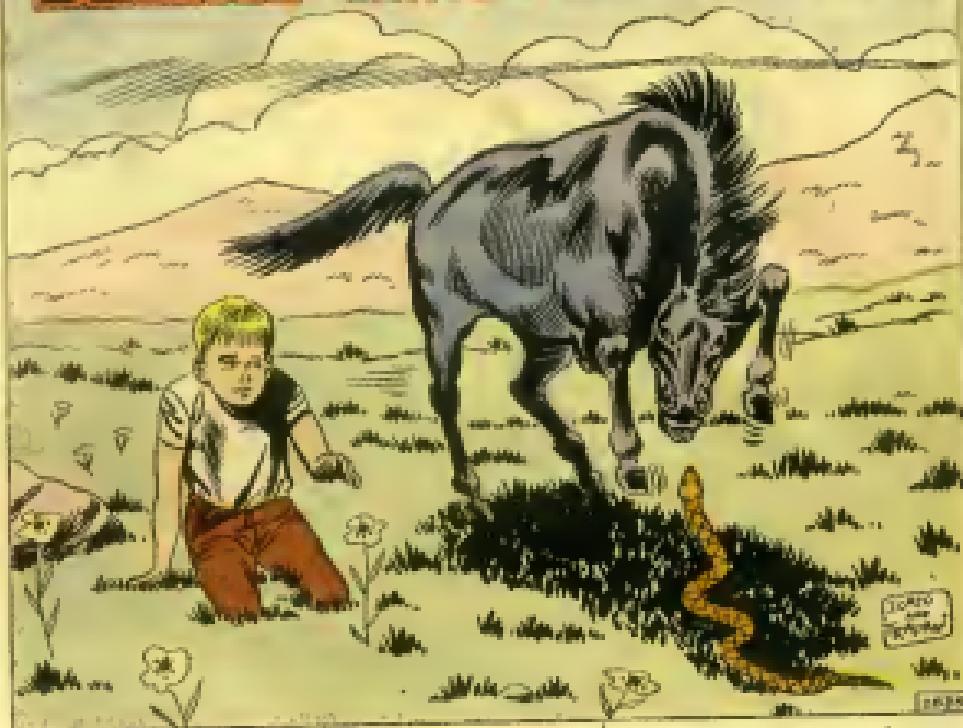
Rocky Lane's

BLACK JACK

THE BIG BLACK STALLION COULDN'T SEE THE SIDEWINDER LYIN' IN THE BOY'S PATH...YET HE ARRIVED IN TIME TO SAVE THE CHILD AND HIS MAMMA / MAMMY WHEN THE COWBOY HOOCHERS WOKE UP AND DEMANDED FOOD AND SHELTER AT GUNPOINT... HE SEEMED TO SMELL THAT TOO!

HAD IT INSTINCT... OR WAS IT...

"SMELL DANGER"



BLACK JACK WAS HAVING A VACATION AT GAIL KIDDER'S HORSE RANCH... ROCKY LANE TURNED HIM LOOSE AND LEFT A WORD OF ADVICE WITH KIDDER...

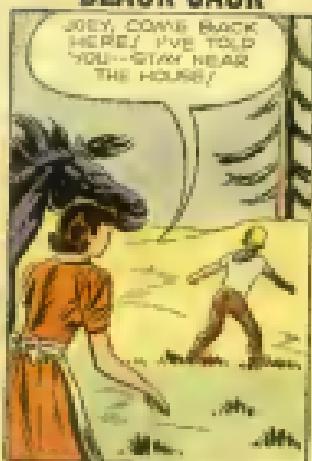
"I'LL KEEP AN EYE
ON BLACK JACK,
ROCKY!"

"DON'T WORRY
ABOUT HIM,
GAIL! HE'LL
MORE LIKELY
KEEP AN
EYE ON
YOU!"

"NICE
HORSEY,
BLACK JACK
PLAY WITH
ME?"



BLACK JACK



YOU'RE A WONDERFUL HORSE,
MAF FOR JOE, BLACK JACK!
YOU SAID ME THE TROUBLE
OF GOING AFTER HIM.



BUT
BLACK JACK
KNEW HIS
JOE WAS
ONLY
HALF HOME!
HE WENT
BACK
TO THE
WOODS
NEAR
THE
RANCH
HOUSE AND...



BLACK JACK

BLACK JACK ROAMED FAR AND WIDE. CORRAL FENCES MEANT LITTLE TO THE WONDER HORSE...

THERE HE GOES—OFF ON ANOTHER RAMBLE! FUNNY, I FEEL SAFE WHEN BLACK JACK'S HEARD BUT I WISH HE'D STAY AROUND THE PLACE!



BUT BLACK JACK ALWAYS KEPT ROBBY LANE'S FRIENDS IN MIND! THAT DAY HE WENT FAR OUT ON THE MESA. SUDDENLY, HE TURNED HIS HEAD AND HEADED FOR THE RANCH FAST!



THE GIANT BLACK SAN LIKE THE WIND, BUT WAS HE FAST ENOUGH?



RAGG RIDDER NOTICED BLACK JACK AND RAN OUT, BUT THE GIANT WAS FAST THEN!



BLACK JACK

BUT DONT HE UNDERSTAND?
THE ROBUST ANIMAL SEEMED TO
BOW, TO ACKNOWLEDGE SAIL
KIDDER'S WORDS!

MAYBE YOU DID UNDER-
STAND, BOY, IN CASE YOU DO,
THANKS AGAIN!

BLACK
JACK
STAYED
CLOSE
TO THE
RANCH
ALL THAT
DAM. HE
WAS
THERE
WHEN
THE TWO
JAHN RODE
IN, LOOK-
ING OVER
THEIR
SHOULDERS
DRIVING
THEIR
TIRED
HORSES
HARD...

WE'RE STAKIN' A WHILE,
KIDDER! HIDE THE HORSES
AND DONT GIVE US ANY
TROUBLE!



YAH SNOT A FAIRDL,
KIDDER! YAH DONT
WANT TO UNPLAY!

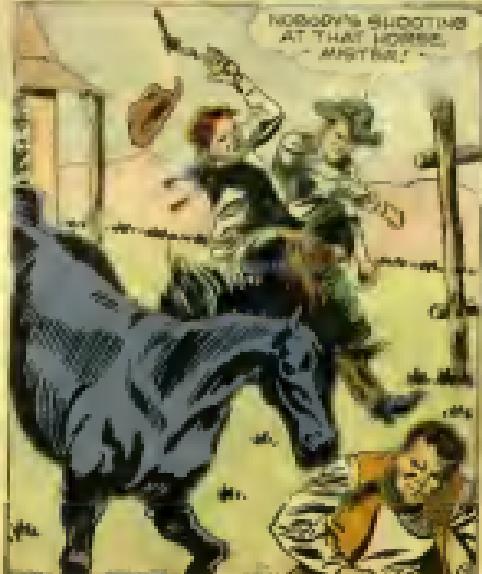
YOU CAN STAY,
I SURESH I HAVE
NO CHOICE!

THAT BLACK IS
NICE! HE LOOKS
LIKE HE CAN
RUN ALL DAY!



NOSDAY'S SHOOTING
AT THAT HORSE...
- MISTERLY -

THE OWN
HOTTER
MADE
HIS
CART,
BUT NO
MAN
COULD
PUT A
POKE ON
BLACK
JACK!
HE DIDNT
KIN
AWAY...
HE
CHARSED
THE
GUNWAY!



BLACK JACK

BUT THE
MEN WERE
DESPERATE
...AND
PAUL
KIDDER
HAD A
WIFE
AND SON
TO THINK
ABOUT!

CALL OFF THE
STALLION, KIDDER!
QUICK OR I'LL
SHOOT!

GET BACK,
BLACK JACK!
THEY'VE GOT
THE ACES!

SADDLE UP TWO HORSES,
KIDDER—THEN HITCH
UP A WAGON. YOU
AND YOUR FAMILY
ARE COMIN'
WITH US!

KEEP THEM
OUT OF THIS!
I WON'T
DO IT!



RED DAZE BLAZED IN THE OWLHOOBER'S
EYES. HE PULLED THE HAMMER BACK
AND AIMED THE COLT! BUT THEN...



DROP YOUR GUN, MISTER!
HOLD THAT ONE THERE,
BLACK JACK!



WE'RE NOT
WORRIED
ABOUT PAUL
KIDDER!
THAT BLACK
HORSE HAS US
BUFFALOED!

GOOD. I SEE DUST ON
THE ROAD T'WENT T'!
RECKON A ROGUE IS ON
THE WAY RIGHT NOW! I
HOPE ROCKY LANE IS
WITH THEM!

A FEW
MINUTES
LATER,
THE
OUTLAWS
WERE IN
CUTTHO—
—AND
BLACK JACK
WAS WELL
REWARDED
FOR HIS
HEROIC
WORK!

YEH SMELLED THE BADGUYS
IN 'EM, DIDN'T YOU, BOY?
THEY'LL NEVER LEARN
THAT DUMB ANIMALS
AREN'T SO DUMB
AFTER ALL!



END

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WHILE
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LASTS!

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Table 1

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 900-1, Tamm, Pa.

TROUBLE AT SUNRISE!

MR. TYSON!
RUSTLERS ARE
PICKIN' STRAYS
OUT OF YOUR HERD!

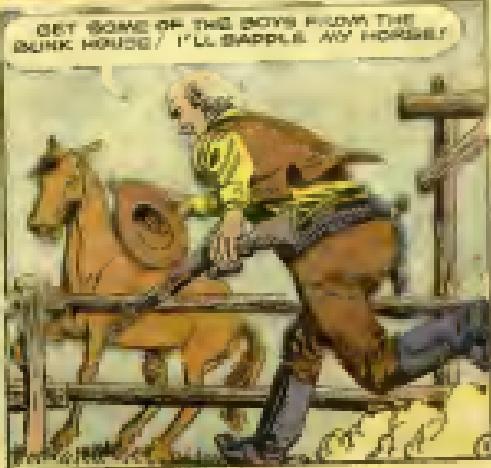


THE FOREMAN OF THE "SUNRISE RANCH" RACED UP TO THE RANCH HOUSE AND GAVE THE WARNING: THE RUSTLERS HAD CHOSEN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS TO STRIKE AT OLD MAN TYSON'S HERD!

DID YEH SEE THOSE HOMINEST? HOW MANY WERE THERE?

ABOUT SIX, I RECKON!

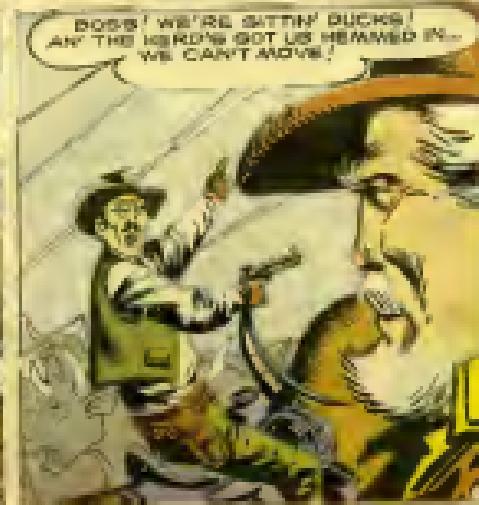
GET SOME OF THE BOYS FROM THE BUNK HOUSE! I'LL SADDLE MY HORSES!



BLACK JACK



BLACK JACK



BLACK JACK

BUT SUDDENLY THERE WAS UNEXPECTED GUNFIRE FROM ANOTHER SPOT ON THE HILL!

OW!

HEY! SOMEONE'S GUNNIN' FOR US!

LOOK! IT'S A LONER...
TAKIN' UP THE FIGHT
FOR THE RANCHERS!

THE REST OF
YOU THROW
DOWN YOUR
GUNS!

NO ONE'S
SPOULIN'
ANY PLAY!

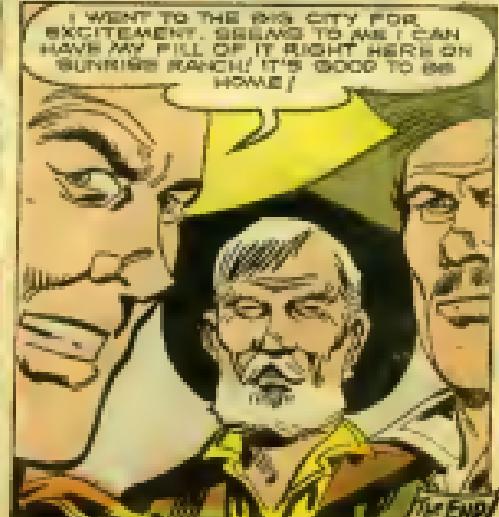
OWWW!

THEN CAME RECOGNITION!

JEB...MY DAD!
IT WAS YOU WHO
SAVED US! YOU'VE
COME BACK!

BACK TO
STAY DAD!

I WENT TO THE BIG CITY FOR
EXCITEMENT. SEEING TO ME I CAN
HAVE MY FILL OF IT RIGHT HERE ON
SUNRISE RANCH! IT'S GOOD TO BE
HOME!



THE END

the STAGECOACH MYSTERY

THE STAGECOACH WAS CARRYING TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD AND WAS CLOSE TO ITS DESTINATION OF ABILENE! THEN, DOWN FROM THE SURROUNDING HILLS CAME THE MASKED MARAUDERS!

SPUR ON THEM, HOBSON, LUKE! I'LL TRY TO HOLD 'EM OFF!



BLACK JACK

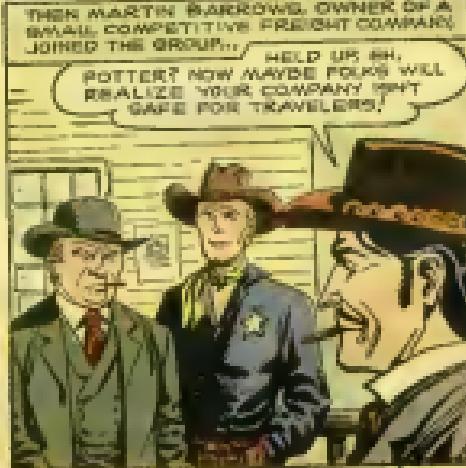
SOME TIME LATER, IN FRONT OF THE COACH COMPANY'S OFFICE IN ASHLAND...



I HOPE NOT, SHERIFF! THEY'RE CARRYING A LARGE SUM OF GOLD THIS TRIP!



THEIR MASKED BANDITS STOPPED US... TOOK OVER THE COACH AND MADE US WALK ALL THE WAY TO TOWN!



BLACK JACK

PROBABLY TOOK THE COACH TO SLOW UP LUKES FROM REPORTING THE ROBBERY!

YOU WON'T FIND 'EM, SHERIFF! SOUNDS LIKE A THAWT BUNCH OF HAMMERS PULLED THIS ROBBERY!



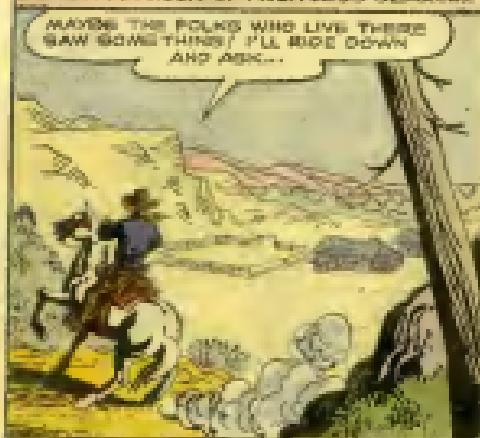
THE SHERIFF SOON REACHED THE SCENE OF THE BOLD ROBBERY...

NO SIGN THEY WENT OFF THE ROAD! BUT THEY WOULDN'T BE FOOL ENOUGH TO STAY ON THE ROAD AN' BE SPOTTED!



AFTER AN HOUR OF FRUITLESS SEARCH...

MAJOR THE FOLKS WHO LIVE THESE SAW SOMETHING! I'LL RIDE DOWN AND ASK...



SUDDENLY...

WHEAT...



THEY'VE GOT A VISITOR, AND HE SEEMS TO BE WELCOME!



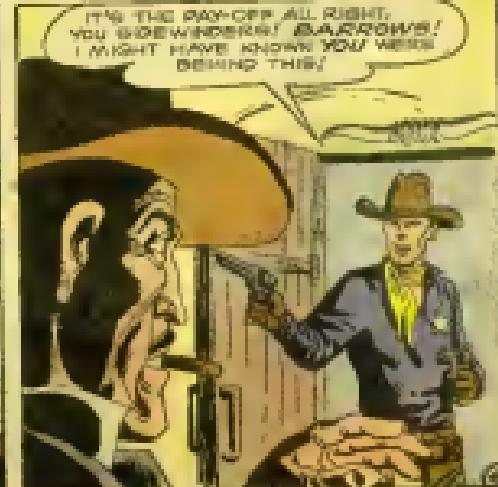
THE BOSS IS COMIN'!



BLACK JACK



BUT THE SHERIFF HAD SKIRTED THE AREA
AND WAS MOVING FORWARD CAUTIOUSLY
FROM THE REAR...



BLACK JACK

THE LAWMAN HAD BEEN
WELL TRAINED FOR HIS JOB...



LATER...

AN' THE
GOLD, TOO,
TOPSIDE
ON THE
COACH!



BARDOWS STOOD TO WIN
TWO WAYS... WITH HIS SHARPS
OF THE GOLD... AND TAKING
OVER MOST OF THE COACH
BUSINESS AFTER
DISBANDING YOUR COMPANY!



RECKON A LOWLY
PRISON TERM WILL
CURE HIM OF HIS
GREED!



Chief Chiu-Ni-Pa's Circus.

John Winston looked at the huge pile of gold coins and large bills on the table. Just one word and they would all be his. Then he could retire to a life of ease and buy that little home in Maine. Yet he hesitated. He had spent his life working in the circus. His father had been in the Winston and Bley Circus. He himself had bought out William Bley six years ago and now was sole owner of Winston's Big Circus. He turned to Judge Cushman and the other two men with him.

"I have read something about Joe Orman. Was he born out West? Is he really so rich? Why does he want my circus?"

Judge Cushman showed no annoyance at the three questions that were asked. He was prepared to answer every question if necessary. So he replied with the desired information.

"Joe Orman was born in a little village in Rhode Island. When he was seventeen he went west to try his hand as a prospector. For thirty years he went through Montana, Colorado, Wyoming and other parts of the country looking for his gold mine. Then he found it. He is worth millions. He has invested his money wisely in real estate, banks, railroads, and industries. Even if his gold mine were to close tomorrow, he would still be one of the richest men in the country. I would say, that everything he does, turns out well."

He has one daughter who is married and she has three children. Bobby will have an eighth birthday soon. He wants to bring the circus to Oreville and invite the whole town. He is willing either to run your circus for half a year, or buy the circus and hire you to manage it."

John Winston took another look at the huge pile of gold coins and large bills on the table. He had come to a decision.

"I showed you the records of my circus. It had been a losing proposition for the past two years. There is something missing in my circus to make it a success. I just don't know

what it is. I have a good variety of animals, also, top acts from all over the world."

"I will sell you the circus and you can draw up a contract for me to manage it. But how are you going to get the circus out to this place called Oreville?"

Bill Tighman had been a freighter for the greater part of his life. He was the one who answered that question.

"You go by flat car as far as Stanton's Junction. You then have a trip overland for a distance of two hundred and thirty miles to Oreville. I checked the condition of your wagons. They are capable of making the trip. We will need additional mules and horses. My job is to see that your circus gets to Oreville."

"What about the danger from Indians?" interrupted the feminine voice of Milda Winston, the young wife of the circus owner. "We would have to discuss the matter with our staff. Some might be afraid of the west."

"There will be an escort of troops from Fort Sill," explained Judge Cushman. "But definitely you will have no problem with the Indians. Joe Orman is what we call a blood brother of Chief Chiu-Ni-Pa who controls the Indians in the territory."

The rest of the day was spent by John Winston and his wife talking over the sale of the circus with the members of it. They all agreed when they would be paid by a millionaire, Joe Orman. By the end of the week the circus was on the flat cars of the N. K. and Santa Fe R.R. The trip to Stanton's Junction was made without any unusual incident. Only one man in his cage seemed to get car sick.

At the end of the railroad line, Bill Tighman was waiting for them. He had a crew of fifty men and more than three hundred horses and mules. Captain Flynn and an escort of thirty soldiers had been sent from Fort Sill. It took two days before the circus was en route.

Everything was peaceful for the next five days. Then Hilda Winston saw the smoke signals in the sky. She ran to her husband who was riding near the elephant cage.

"Look, John," she almost screamed. "The Indians are sending smoke signals. They will attack us."

Bill Tighman was sold of her fear and he started to laugh for almost ten minutes before he could reply.

"Don't worry a bit, Mrs. Winston," he reassured her. "I can tell you exactly what that message is. Animals come in cages. Tell Bores, We go to Oreville. We see big show."

The town of Oreville was in a festive mood to greet the circus. Only a few of the children who had come recently from the Fair had ever been to a circus. The band paraded down the Main Street. Everyone cheered at the animals. The clowns made a great hit. The town was invited to Bobby's birthday.

It took three days to set up the big tent, put up the grandstand—and wait for all the invited guests to come. And they came as far north from the Canadian border and as far south as the Rio Grande.

Ebie Ryan, Joe Oram's married daughter, just couldn't believe her own eyes.

"Bobby is the happiest boy in the entire world. You certainly must have spent a fortune to get this circus. Wonder what you will do with it after the birthday?"

"The circus will go on," he said "I owe that much to the performers. So it will make a loss each year. We can call it my only losing enterprise but one which has brought great happiness to a lot of people."

The circus was just filled to capacity on Bobby's birthday. Later, there was to be a great feast. Chief Chia-Ni-Pa and more than a hundred of his braves were seated on the wooden platform the various acts to them in their own tongue.

"That man is called a clown. He makes people laugh by the funny things he does."

"Me no laugh," replied the Chief.

"That man is called a lion tamer. He goes into the cage and isn't afraid of the animal."

"Me no afraid of soy animals," commented the Chief.

"Those men are tumblers. They stand upon each other's shoulders. Then fall down."

"This is for little children," grunted the Chief.

The children had a wonderful time at the circus. So did all the adults. The cowboys from

the Bar-H Ranch enjoyed themselves. Everybody was happy but one guest. Joe Oram went over to the Chief.

"What's the matter? What's wrong with my circus?"

"We can shoot guns. We can shoot arrows. We can ride. Where cowboys? Where stagecoach? You give me circus. I show you big things."

Joe Oram then went over to John Winston and spoke to him. The manager and former owner of the circus, then walked to the center of the circus and spoke to the group.

"You are all invited here again tomorrow. Bobby's birthday will take two days to celebrate. We have something special for you."

So the next day they all came back to the circus. Chief Chia-Ni-Pa was mounted on a fast white pony. A brave threw balloons into the air. He shot them with his rifle. Then other braves gave a demonstration of shooting with bows and arrows. Finally an old stage was brought into the arena drawn by six mules. Mounted Cowboys and Indians chased it all around.

It was evident that the crowd was having the time of their lives. As for Bobby, he was a boy with a unique birthday—not one day to celebrate it, but two days. Joe Oram held a conference that night. The chief was there, so was Bill Tighman, and also the circus manager.

"We give the Fair a taste of the West," said Joe Oram. "I bet we can make millions with this idea."

So for the next twenty five years, the Famous Oram Circus and Chief Chia-Ni-Pa's Wild West Show toured the United States and Europe. When Joe Oram's mine ran out of gold, he had something bigger and better than the one you took out of the ground.

As a boy I went to see the Chief and his braves. I'll never forget what the woman next to me said to her husband.

"You can't tell me those are real Indians. Not the way they act. Must have some real good professionals made up to look like Indians."

John Winston was happy. Not so much because he made a lot of money. But he had found what was missing with the circus.

"Took a real Chief to put the circus on a paying basis," he would always tell the newspaper reporter. "Great pals we are. I teach the Chief English and he teaches me his tongue."

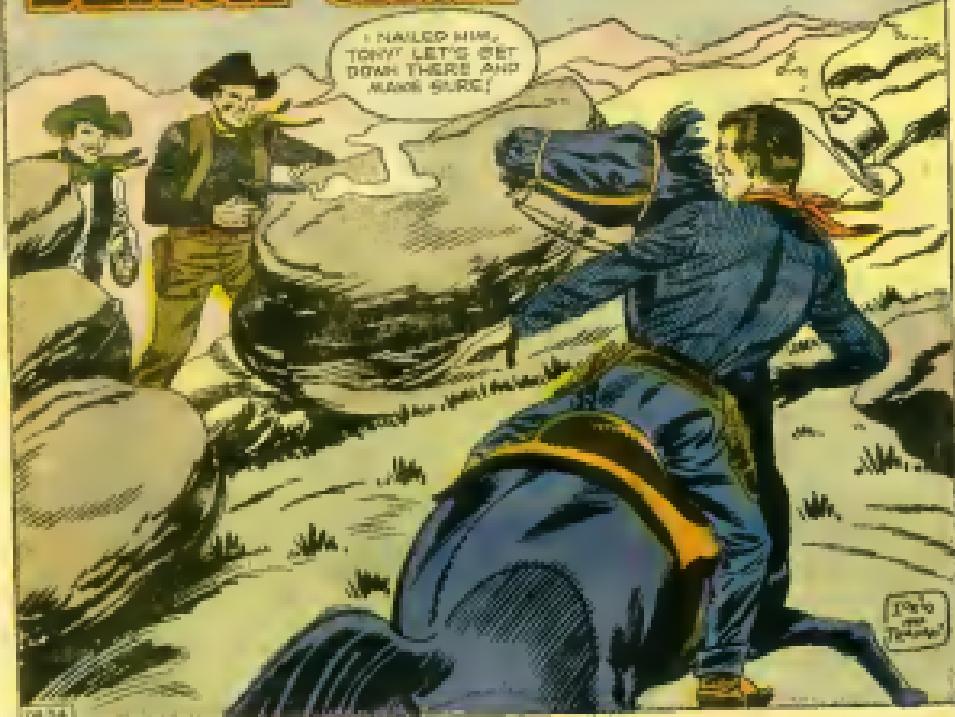


Rocky Lane's

BLACK JACK

IN ONE GRAFTON AND TONY JERAH WERE PUTTING UP GUARDRAILS WHICH STOP AT NOTHIN'! AND WHEN ROCKY LANE AND BLACK JACK TOOK THEIR TRAIL, IT WAS NATURAL FOR THEM TO HOLD ON TO THE ROCKS AND TRY TO JABWHIP THE GUARDRAILS DOWNHILL! AN AMBITION THAT APPARENTLY SUCCEEDED!

SIX GUNS VS HORSE SENSE!



The Outlaws mounted and started searching for a trail to the canyon floor. Meanwhile, Black Jack was riding his fast!

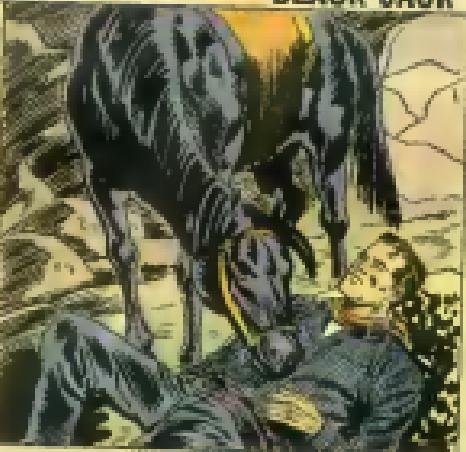


THE STALLION TOOK A ROUTE OVER ROCK AND LEFT NO TRAIL! HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHIN'...AND FOUND IT--A DEER, CONCEALED CAVE!



BLACK JACK

MOVING SWIFTLY SO AS NOT TO DISTURB HIS RIDER, HE HAD FOUND A Bunch OF LEAVES AND LAY THEM ON THE GENTLY DEPOSITED HIS MASTERS ON THE CAVE FLOOR.



THANKS, BURRO! I'M HURT CAN'T MOVE! NEED A DOCTOR!



THAT'S IT! GET THE DOG, BLACK JACK! / DR. BAXTER! GET IT! / GO GET DR. BAXTER! / GO ON, BOY, RUN!



THE BLACK STALLION LOOKED AROUND PRACTICALLY. HE EDGED OUT OF THE CAVE! HE KNEW OR RECKONED THE FOAL WOULD BE ON THE FLOOR!



HEY, TONY! THERE'S LANE'S HORSE! CATCH HIM!



BLACK JACK

A DEPUTY SHERIFF RECOGNIZED BLACK JACK... HE TRIED TO HEAD HIM OFF BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

BLACK JACK'S IN A HURRY
TO GET SOME WHERE! IF HE
DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT,
NO ONE'S GONNA COME
CLOSE TO HIM!

ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT,
DON'T KNOCK
THE DOOR
DOWN!



BLACK JACK! WHERE'S
THE MARSHAL? HE
MUST BE AROUND
SOMEWHERE!

ALL RIGHT, DON'T
TEAR MY JACKET!
I'LL COME ALONE
AS SOON AS I GET
MY HORSE!

AN DR. BAXTER HEARD THE
CANYON, HE BECAME CONVINCED
ROCKY LANE
WERE DEAD!

I DON'T PUSH
YOU, BLACK JACK!
IF THERE'S SOME
ONE HEARSED WHO
INJURED YOUR
MASTER, HE MAY
CRACK DOWN ON
ME, TOO!



AT LAST
THEY
WERE AT
THE CANYON!
THE
DOCTOR
HEARD THE
MARSHAL
WAS IN
AS HE
ENTERED.
BLACK
JACK
STAYED
TO GUARD
THE
ENTRANCE.

ROCKY!
HE'S IN A COMA!
THAT HORSE GOT
ME HERE JUST
IN TIME!



BLACK JACK

THE MARSHAL, STILL IN A COMA, MOANED WITH PAIN! BLACK JACK WATCHED THE DOCTOR WORK FROM TIME TO TIME...



BLACK JACK

TONY ANAH FIRED AND NURSED THEM FIRED
ANAH! BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO FIRE A
THIRD TIME!

GET BACK,
YEH BLACKJACK!

I'LL IF I
YOU LEAVE
ALONE!

WHILE OUT HERE, MOONY
BLACKJACK FINISHED
ROUNDING UP THOSE TWO
OWL-HOOTERS WHO
ABANDONED YOU!

NICE GOM, OLD TIMER! SATTEN
YOU DESERVE THE PRISON TERM
YOU'RE SURE TO GET!

ANYONE
WHO'D THROW
LEAD AT A
HORSE
DESERVED
THE WORST!
I'LL SURE
SEE THAT
YOU GET
PLENTY!

YOU'RE A REAL PAL,
BLACKJACK! AS SOON
AS WE GET TO TOWN,
I'LL GIVE YOU A
SACKFUL OF APPLES!

JOE

Find the strength for your life...



Religion In American Life Program

WORSHIP TOGETHER THIS WEEK

This advertisement is being run as a public service
by Charlton Comics Group.

THE LAST DRAW

THE RAILROAD PUT THE RAILROAD BULLS' 10000 DOLLAR DEBT ON THE
HILL, DARRING THEM TO TRY FOR A SOON, THEY SPANNED, COLTS WOULD
SHOOT THE LAST HILL AND WOULD SEND SONGS LAW TO THE TOWN
CALLED PROSPECT.

THE LEADERSHIP IS BORN, THE LEADERSHIP IS BORN
IN THE TOWNS. LEADERS ARE FORMED BY THE
LEADERS AND LEADERS GO ON TO FORM A LEADERSHIP
FOR THE LEADERSHIP!

卷之三

J. FRED COOK, OF
WYOMING FALLS, PRESENTED
GODIVA CHOCOLATE COMPANY
A BEEF STEW AND A
VANILLA PUDDING
LATE SUNDAY NIGHT
IN THE CITY.

DEP AWAY COLE
HAD OVER, LOBBIE
TOM SHOT AWAY
I DON'T TELL
MONT THIS
THREE.

“I’LL TAKE THAT MONEY
TOWARD SOMETHING
FOR YOU, JOE!
NOTHIN’ ELSE!”



But at these meetings also there will have
to be a lot of giving and receiving, and so
I am afraid.

THE TEAM
IS AWAY AT THE
OUTLET TODAY
SORE LEGS GET
THE ALL-YOU-
WANT TONIGHT



BLACK JACK

BUT JOE DAWSON DON'T HAVE TO GO NORTH TO FIND
TROUBLE. A STRANGER FROM TROYTON HE'D BULLY
JOE A LITTLE.

THAT'S WHAT I FOUND
THERE A TROYTON LIAR
DRAWN?

I DON'T HAVE
TO WORRY...

I DON'T NEED A GUN
FOR THE LIVIN' OF...
DARNED!



I HEARD SOMETHING
BREAK BONE'S BONE
IT HURT HARD!

IT HURT PELT LINE
SOMETHING BOTTLED
I'M SICK FOR
FIGHT!

THE DOCTOR IN TROY DASHED IT AS A BROKEN
FINGER AND QUICLY SET IT IN A CAST. JOE WENT
BACK AND REWAD DRAWN THE CATTLE NORTH.



I PLAIN STUPID IN FOREST,
BUTTER UP A FAMILY THERE, IT'S
GOOT TO BE A GOOD PLACE TO
LIVE IN!

THE LAST CAMP SOUTH OF TROY, JOE DONT FEELS NICE...



JOE WOULD SAY ONE MORE, JOE'S I
PREFERRED VOTING FOR COLOR
WHEN HE GOT BACK, I
KNEW IT'S STILL NOT
OVER!

I TELL YOU ALL I
CAN, MR. GOLDIE,
CAN SHOOT A LITTLE
LEFT-HANDED!



BLACK JACK

ANOTHER THING JOE, I
DON'T STOP LOOKIN'
FOR THEM. I'M GOIN' TO GET
THOSE THINGS TOMORROW.
RAGGED, DIRTY, DUSTY
AS THEY ARE!

I'LL TALK TO MR.
LORAS, MR. COLE, FIRST
THINGS TOMORROW!

THREE DAYS OF MY FIRST TASTE OF MARIE LORAS'S
FIRE THE NEXT DAY!

DON'T GIVE ME ANY BACKTALK!
I AM THE TEA! ALL OF IT!
THREE DAYS MARIE
DAMN YOU, MARIE!



I PRODUCED PHOTO ALONE
A GRANDSTAND FULL
SHOWDOWN! YOU KNOW THEY
BE A BIG SHOW HERE...
NOT ANY MORE!

WHEN MY HAIR HEALS,
LORAS, I'LL LOOK YOU
UP!



YOU HAVE A NICE BUNCH TOO,
SOMMERS! I'LL LET YOU HAVE
THE DEED OVER THE WEDDING
OF THESE DADS!

JOE SOMMERS WAS BRIGHTENED WITH WEDDING HONEY
LORAS FOUGHT HIM AROUND LIKE HE WAS EVERYONE ELSE!



I'LL FORGET 'EM, JOE. I LEFT 'EM
GET AWAY WITH TOO MUCH PLACIDITY.
I DO BETTER BUT NO BETTER STUPID
WEAR THE BADGE! WHERE I GO?



BLACK JACK

YOU CAN'T ABSENT, I IF YOU WANT MY HARD-
CORED/PORT BEACH
FIRE A BON!



THE SHAMMIES COULDN'T TAKE IT! HE BURNISHED A BON
AN STEPPED OUT TO MEET THE CHAOSFER!



THAT JUST TOO FLICKER MIGHT
HELP YOU MUCH, SHAMMIES!



BLACK JACK

THE QUARTER TURN A BAD BEATING... HAD TO LEAVE
FAMILY LEFT HIM IN THE DUST AND SHOT HISSELF AWAY!

CARRY THESE MEN TO THE
CARTER AND CAREFUL WITH
THE CALL!

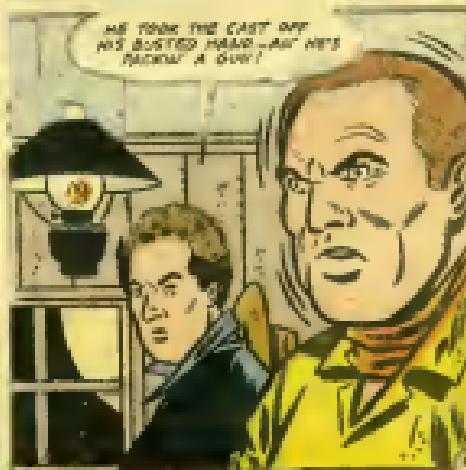
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT... IF YOU
KEEP AWAY FROM LONESOME,
HAVE TO PUT ANOTHER CAST
ON YOUR HAND!

THE CAST IS BROKEN,
BUT IT DOESN'T
HAVE A LOOK AT IT, HUH?



JOE SAWMILL WAS A STUPID MAN... AND THIRTY
MINUTES LATER, HE WAS BACK ON THE STREET!
LOOKING FOR LONESOME!

HE MADE IT, SAWMILL IS LOOKIN'
FOR YOU! HE MEANT BUSINESS
THIS TIME!



BLACK JACK

FORGET IT FOR HOW LONG, BOSS? A MONTH FROM NOW YOU CAN TAKE LEGAL ACTION, REAL BOSS!

HE CAN'T MAKE PEOPLE DO THAT! NOW IT'S FINAL, NOW!

BUT CAN HE USE A GUN WITHOUT HAVING TO PAY FOR IT?

THE SHOCK OF DRAWING AND Firing A HEAVY PISTOL WILL REMEMBER THE SHOT TWO BOSS'S UNDERTAKERS WILL DO SERIOUS DAMAGE!



HOOT LOBEAT HAD TWO STOOGES ALREADY SWORN WITH A COWBOY PISTOL BECAUSE HE'S SO WANTED HIS ADVENTURE!



LOBEAT THREW THE GUN, AND THE THUGS DRAW AND FIRED IN THE SAME MOTION!



I T'D OUT DRAWING! I DON'T GET THAT CHANCE, BOSS! YOU PUT ME HERE NOW, AND I'M GOIN' TO DRAW!



LATER, WITH LONE AND LOBEAT RETURNED TO THE TRAIN...



BLACK JACK
RIDE 'EM COWBOY

THE *Saga of the Cowboy's HORSE*



WITHOUT THE HORSE, THE HISTORY OF OUR GREAT WEST WOULD HAVE BEEN CHANGED BEYOND RECOGNITION; FOR THE HORSE MADE POSSIBLE THE CONTROL OF BIG CATTLE HERDS OF THE PLAINS AND MOUNTAINS WHICH BROUGHT THE HIGH OF ADVENTURE, & SPECIAL BREED OF MEN, THE AMERICAN COWBOY. THE HORSE IS NOT NATIVE TO THIS CONTINENT; THE SPANISH HORSE WAS FIRST INTRODUCED TO THE AMERICAS BY THE SPANISH CONQUERING SPANISHES; THESE HORSES WERE OF BARB AND ARAB BLOOD.

DURING THE SPANISH AND INDIAN FIGHTING MANY OF THE WANDERERS HORSES ESCAPED AND, WITHIN A FEW GENERATIONS, BEGAN TO POPULATE THE PLAINS...

WEEARING ON THE ORIGINAL SMALL HOOVES, COUPLED WITH THE VIGOR OF THE WILD PLAINS ENVIRONMENT, THESE HORSES PRODUCED A TOUGH LITTLE HORSE CAPABLE OF GREAT ENDURANCE...

THE AMERICAN INDIAN SOON REALIZED THE VALUE OF THE HORSE TO GIVE THEM GREATER MOBILITY IN THE HUNT AND FOR WAR, AND ADOPTED THEM, FANCYING THE BROWN, CHESTNUT, BLACKSKINNED, WHITE AND GREYS...



BLACK JACK

FROM THE MEXICANS THE EARLY AMERICAN COW BOY BORROWED THEIR ARTS AND MODIFIED THEM TO SUIT THEIR OWN NEEDS AND THE GREAT SAGA OF THE WEST HAD BEGUN...



COWBOY CONTESTS, OR "ROODEOS," BECAME FORMALIZED. ASSOCIATIONS WERE FORMED AND RULES SET UP GOVERNING THE CONTEST PERFORMANCES...

SOON ROODEOS BECAME PART OF OUR COUNTRY'S ENTERTAINMENT SCENE. TODAY, FROM TEXAS TO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, "BEIN' A COWBOY" CAN BE HEARD AT ROODEOS, A SPORT IDENTIFIED TO THE INIMITABLE COWBOY AND HIS HORSE!



BLACK JACK

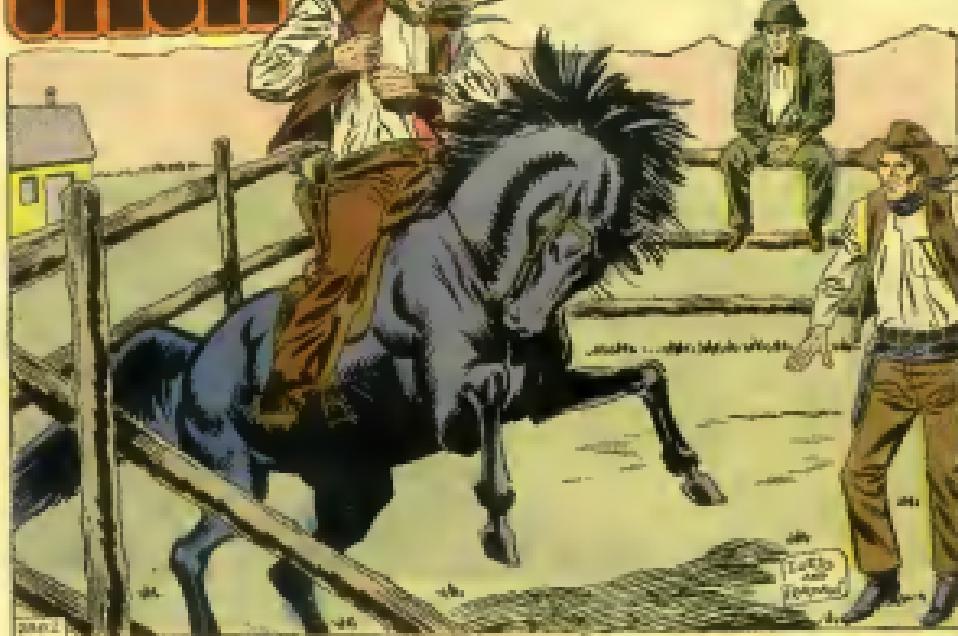


ROCKY LANE'S

BLACK JACK

TAME FOR A TENDERFOOT!

THE MIGHTY STALLION SHIVERED BUT STOOD STURDY WHEN THE BLANKET WAS THROWN ON HIS BACK & BRidle AND BET FOLLOWED THEM THE WHOLE COCOY RIVER STRIPPED OUT TOUGH AND RUTHLESS, SORE THAT HE WOULD TAME THE BRAVEST WILD HORSE OF THEM ALL, BLACK JACK!



BLACK JACK
KNEW
SHOULD
TO AVOID
MEN...
HE KEPT
HIS BAND
FAR FROM
THE HORSE
HUNTERS,
BUT A DAY
SPELLED A
LIGHTNING
BOLT
DROVE HIM
FROM THE
SAFETY
OF THE
TALL
TUMPER!

LOOKS LIKE THE FOREST
FIRE'S BURNIN' DO US
SOME GOOD, BOSS!
WE CAN USE THAT
BUNCH!

WE'RE GONNA
LOOK AT THE
LEATHER IT'S...
BLACK JACK!



BLACK JACK

BLACK JACK HAD NO CHOICE. HE LED THE HERD STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP TO ESCAPE THE FIRE!

YOU WON'T BE SO COCKY WHEN I DREAM YEH TUE SADDLE, BABY! I'M GONNA START RIGHT NOW!

DUNCAN BUILT A LOOP AND ROPED THE WILD LEADER! BLACK JACK SHOT IT PIGHT...

BE CAREFUL, DUKE!



HE AVOIDED STEPPIN' ON YEH, EVEN LOOK. HE'S LAUGHIN'!

I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM! I'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS LEFT!

DUNCAN MADE SURE BLACK JACK GOT NO CHANCE TO ESCAPE! AT THE RANCH, A GUEST RANCH FOR DUDES, DUNCAN HERDED THE STALLION INTO A SEPARATE CORRAL.

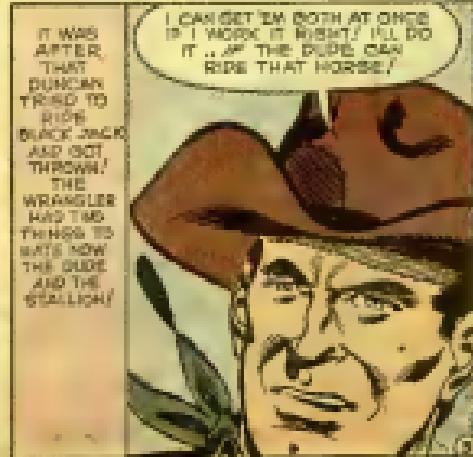
YEH DON'T LIKE BEIN' COOPED UP ALONE, DO YEH?

DUKE, MEET JONES' WIFE, A NEW GUEST. DUKE'S OUR TOP RANCHER, JONES!

JONES, MARIE, ZACK, I'M GONNA TEARCE THIS OLD COAT AND, WHEN I FIND 'WAT HE'S HIDIN' INSTEAD O' WORKIN' AGAIN!



BLACK JACK



BLACK JACK

DUNCAN ANNOUNCED A DICE FOR THE NEXT MORNING! WHEN THE TIME CAME, JOHN WAYNE WAS AMAZED WHEN DUNCAN HAD BLACK JACK SADDLED UP, WAITING.



JOHNS WAYNE MADE UP HIS MIND TO TRY. HE WAS SHAKY AND HESITANT. THE STALLION KNEW HE WAS AT HIS MERCY!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO RUCK, ARE YOU BOY? MAYBE YOU UNDERSTAND DUNCAN TOO!



DUKE DUNCAN LED THE RIDERS OUT! HE TRIED HARD TO LOSE THE DICE. IT COULD BE FATAL IN THAT COUNTRY FOR A TENDERFOOT...



I THOUGHT YOU ATTACKED ME AT HOME! THAT COWARD BLACK JACK WAS GOING TO STRIKE THANKS, FELLA!



BLACK JACK

THE DIAMONDBACK HAD RATTLED
BEFORE HE STRUCK. THE
MAN WITH THE RIFLE WANTED
THAT COURTEOUS,

BOAT, BOY. HOBGINS HAVE NO
BUYING CO. IN SAVING-QUARTERS,
BEAT IT! I'M GOING TO GET
THAT MAN RIGHT NOW!

I'M COMING
FOR YOU,
DUNCAN!

YUH CHUMPTY
IF YUH STARED
DOWN, YUH'D
HAVE A
CHANCE!



DUNCAN
RAINED
HIS RIFLE
AND
AIMED
C-RE-
PUL-
BUT HE
HAD NO
TIME TO
SHOOT!
BLACK
JACK
ARRIVED.

GOOD BOY MY BOY
WILL GIVE YOU A
MEDAL FOR THIS!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, JOHNSON!
I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM
CHICAGO TO GET YOU!

THAT'S WHY
I HATED YUH
OH SIGHT! YUH
YOU'RE A
LAWMAN...
I HATED YUH!

I WOULD'VE
RAILED YUH
IF THAT HORSE
DIDN'T GO KUTE!

HE'S PRETTY SWIFT,
DUNCAN! I WISH I
COULD KEEP HIM...
BUT NO MAN CAN TAKE
THE SPIRIT! HE
DESERVING FREEDOM!



END

BLACK JACK

DEPUTY'S HUNCH



I HEARD A ROSE
POSSIN' IT OUTA
TOWN. KELTEY!

I'LL TAKE
A ROSE
AFTER HIM...
AFTER I
SEE IF OLD
JOE IS ALL
RIGHT!

I'M OATH,
JOHNNY! YOU'RE
DEPUTY
SHERIFF...
YAH BETTER
CATCH THE
ONE WHO
DID IT!

ONE? WAS
THERE ONLY
ONE? HOW
DO HE GET
INDEE,
JOE?

I DUNNO. I DIDN'T HEAR A
BOARDED SQUEAK! JOHNNY,
I HEARD A ROSE POSSIN'
THE FLOOR. JUST WHEN
I WAS HIT, THAT'S
ALL!



BLACK JACK

JOHN KEELLY,
DEPUTY
SHERIFF,
THOUGHT
FAST! WHO
EVER ROB-
BED THE
BANK HAD
BEEN IN
THERE AT
CLOSING
TIME! AND
HE WAS
NO
SHEEP -
HEEE...



ALL RIGHT, THEN I'LL GO GET
GEORGE LANE - TELL HIM
I WANT HIM TO RIDIC WITH
EM IN A POSSE!

SHERIFF, I'LL
GET HIM! I
SURPRISED
HE'S NOT
HERE
NOW!

HOLD IT,
SAM! YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST FOR
ROBBERY!

SAM TUTTLE! DON'T WASTE
TIME ARGUING! HE WENT
FOR HIS OWN...



HE MUST BE THE
ONE WHO CAUSSED
ME! HOW DID
YOU KNOW?
JOHNNY?

IT WAS A HUNCH -
BUT I PLISHED IT
HARD - YEH
SEE...



HI, HORSEY

Over the weekends during the summer, we like to go to the Dode Ranch. Here we meet a variety of young folks with one simple common interest: To recapture something of the spirit of the old west in the days when it was young. There's a shooting range on the grounds and we try our hand with pistol and rifle. But most important of all, we like the long rides over endless trails. A chuck wagon follows us and, when we halt, we all have good healthy appetites. We gather around the camp fire. Then we have talks.

Ben is head wrangler and he certainly knows horses. This is what he told us one evening after a long ride.

"In the animal world, man has two good friends. One is the dog and the other the horse. Out in the old west you just had to have a horse. If you take a horse away from a man, how could he get from place to place? Horse thieving was regarded with severity by the law for you were depriving a man of something basic to him.

Now don't make any mistake about it. It was possible to go on foot even across most of this country. Let me illustrate that point. In 1850 a company known as the Wisconsin Blues was camped on the east side of the Missouri at Council Bluffs. They were just waiting for a chance to cross the river. A lad of eighteen, John Steele, and his two friends were among the group. One day, when the young lad went out to get provisions, his two friends got into a quarrel. The result was that they sold out the common property of the three.

When he returned he found himself afoot without any hope of redress. He had to camp with the other emigrants. But how could he travel without a horse or without a wagon drawn by oxen? He had the real courage of a determined young man. So after thinking the matter over, he decided to go to California anyway. He bought a knapsack, placed it in his scant wardrobe, some pilot bread, dried beef, ammunition, a quantity of paper for a diary, a small pocket knife, and a few other needed articles.

Over this he strapped a blanket and a light frying pan. He had a brace of pistols, a hunting knife, and a tin cup at his belt. He shouldered his rifle and actually started to walk the trail to California! At night he stayed with someone who had a tent or sleeping place in a wagon. During the day he just walked and walked.

Actually we even had a group of prospectors who were so poor, they didn't have enough money to purchase horses or oxen. So they built packtrains and packed their belongings across part of the old West. But for all practical purposes you had to have a horse. I don't want to get into any argument about which animal is the more intelligent — the horse or the dog. Let me just say that many old timers on the range insisted that the horse was the more intelligent of all animals.

Maybe there is a bit of confusion on this point, because through my experience with horses, I'll state that a horse will respond to superior and technical training. My own dad used to go out on the long western cattle drives. The horses that were used for night guard learned their duties quickly. My dad told me that a rider could fall asleep or doze in the saddle, but the horse would even maintain a correct distance in his leisurely sentinel rounds. If trouble arose, the horse gave sufficient warning by his movements.

From other old timers I have learned that most of these horses possessed a more accurate sense of time than their riders. When the time came to change the guard, many of them would clamp the bits in their mouth and head for the chuck wagon! The mustang is no longer with us. Dad told me it was a wonderful sight to see them running wild on the Plains. There was the long mane and tail flying in the breeze. The powerful hoofs pounded the endless grasslands.

At this dude ranch we have forty-eight horses. All but three of them use western saddles. The other three we keep because sometimes we get folks that say they can only ride English. Let me tell you something about the history of the West. There was a time when many Englishmen made investments in ranches. This was con-

sidered a young country with a lot of chances to make money. Now, when these Englishmen came over, they would stay at their ranches. As far as I can find out, they rode horses with western saddles, and did a good job at that!

I noticed that you folks like to talk about the different ways of handling a horse. So we better get one thing straight. For kindness to a horse, there is no substitute. But sometimes a rider comes back to the ranch after a ride with a complaint about his particular horse. Such as, "Thatny backs too much," "Rocky pays no attention to my orders," or "That horse just stood still and refused to go any further."

Now most of the times the trouble is with the rider. Why? A horse that is schooled is trained to obey orders. Generally, the inexperienced rider gives the wrong or confused orders, and is very much annoyed at the fact that the horse seems "not to obey." We use only cash bits on our ranch horses. This requires riding with a slightly loose rein. It should be tightened gradually when stopping or slowing down. For jerking the reins causes horses acute pain and ruins their mouths.

Take the inexperienced rider. With his feet he gives the horse the signal to go ahead. But he pulls the reins and that is the signal to stop. So the horse is confused. He wants to obey but what is the signal? Meanwhile the rider gets mad. Others in the group have left and he is still in the same place. Take another example. You are riding with a rein in each hand. The horse is well trained. You want to turn to the right. That means a pull up the rein in the right hand. But what about the left rein? The inexperienced rider starts pulling also with that rein instead of giving slack, which permits the horse's head to turn. If the horse is moving and his head turns, he will go in that direction, provided he isn't hindered from doing so.

In the movies and in the western fiction stories, our hero rides the horse at full speed up and down the hills. He has to make time to file the claim to his mine before six o'clock has expired. Actually when you go down hill, we tell every rider to watch very carefully. For a horse is naturally inclined to trot down the hill. But common sense will tell you at once the danger you face. The horse may stumble over a rock, and fall and both you and the horse may thus suffer severe injuries. So the safety rule is to check your horse and make him walk down a hill or any steep grade. The same rule follows when going up a hill.

Most of us who ride Western, keep both reins in one hand. That means, when we want to get a horse to go to the right, we "neck rein" him with pressure on his left side. If we want to get him to go to the left, we "neck rein" him on the right side. This has caused a lot of disputes in circles where they teach riding from A to Z. There are riding masters who claim this is wrong. You want a horse to obey a direction to turn in that same direction. Here you actually give him the direction from the other side.

I don't want to get into this argument except to tell you riders one fact. I can ride the same horse either with both reins in one hand, or with a rein in each hand. If the horse is well trained, he responds correctly, even though there are two different signals. But they come at different pressure points.

It is kindness to your horse and safety for yourself that you always walk your horse for five or ten minutes before you start out on a ride. Don't force him ahead right away. It also gives you a chance to get the "feet" of the horse. And a chance to be sure everything is o.k. with your riding gear. Also do the same at the end of a ride, for you thus give your horse a chance to cool off and be able to enjoy his drink and food.

What should you do if your horse stumbles? Funny, but here even the experts differ. We, who ride western horses, suggest you pick him up with the reins. Don't jerk his head up. As soon as he is regaining his feet, then all you have to do is slacken the reins and go ahead. I know some people who feel you should jerk the reins heavy and claim, "You are helping the horse." Others say just the opposite: Go loose on the reins and claim, "You are helping the horse."

If your horse keeps on stumbling, then you must do your best to find out what is wrong. You may be confusing the horse. Or there may be many rocks in the path. Or the horse may be tired. There may be a stone wedged in the horse's hoof. Or a horseshoe may be broken.

So folks, when you ride, you get the taste of the Old West. And even I say there will never be a last round-up because young folks want the West to live."

When we go back to the Dude Ranch again, we will have more stories and valuable information for you. Until then, byah, pardner!

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* * * * *



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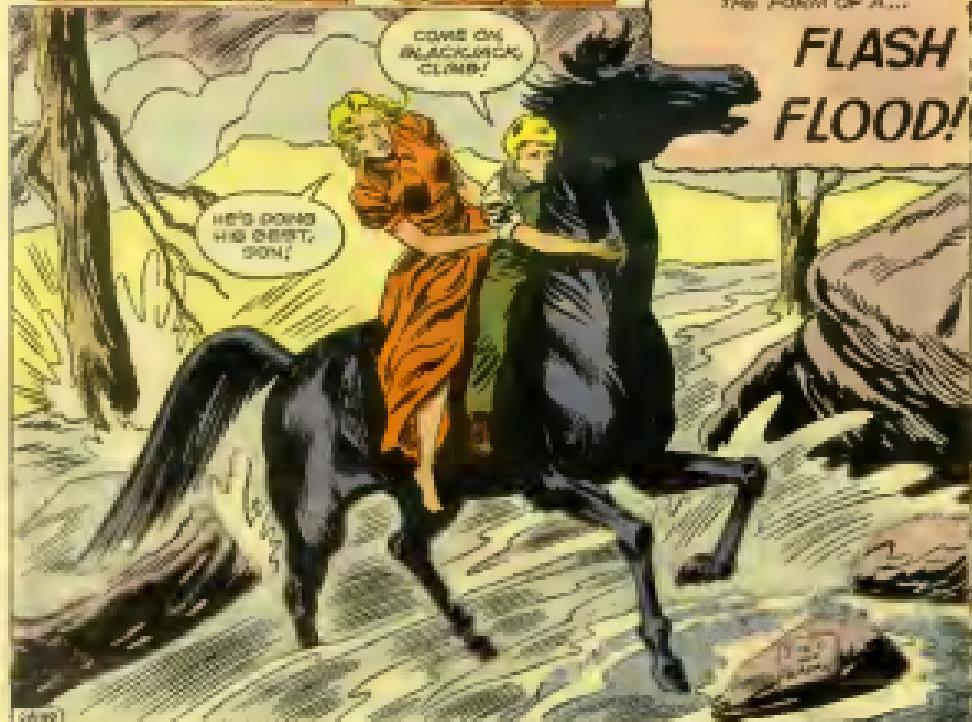
MURRAY HILL HOUSE Dept. 1901

114 E. 32 St. New York 16, N. Y.





BLACK JACK



LIGHTNING FLASHED IN THE FOOTHILLS... HEAVY BLACK CLOUDS CROWDED THE PEAKS... THEN THE STORM BROKE - CLOUD-BURSTS FILLED DRY CANYONS WITH RAGING RIVERS... HUGE TREES CRASHED, BOULDERS ROLLERED DOWNHILL, AND DEBRIS IN THE VALLEYS AND CREEKS SUSPENDED THE FOLLOWING DESTRUCTION IN THE FORM OF A...

FLASH FLOOD!

THE CLOUDS HAD BEEN PILING UP FOR A WEEK. ROCKY LANE WAS TROUBLED AS HE EXAMINED THEM IN THE DISTANCE. BLACK JACK WAS RESTLESS, TOO!



LOOKS LIKE A CLOUD-BURST! THE FLOOD'LL HIT THE LOWER VALLEYS IN A FEW HOURS!



BLACK JACK

BLACK JACK TROTTED OFF A FEW YARDS, THEN PAUSED, LOOKING AT THE MARSHAL... HE WAS ASKING PERMISSION TO LEAVE...

"I KNOW THAT LOOK, BLACK JACK! GO AHEAD... TRY TO GET OUT OF TROUBLE!"



MEANWHILE, UP IN THE MOUNTAINS, THE CLOUD-BURST WAS AT ITS PEAK! THE CANYONS WERE BOILING FLOODS...



THE RIVER TRIED TO SWALLOW UP TONS OF WATER, SMASHING TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS! COULD BLACK JACK REACH THE COUTS IN TIME?



BLACK JACK

THE COLTS COULD HEAR THE AMBIVORES ROAR BY THEM... BUT IT MEANT NOTHING TO THEM! BUT, TO BLACK JACK, IT SPelled DOOM!



THE FLOOD SMASHED DOWN THROUGH THE MEADOW A MOMENT LATER! BUT IT WAS EMPTY OF ALL LIFE...



LOOK, IT'S THAT MARSHAL'S HORSE!
His name is BLACK JACK!

WHAT ARE
DOING HERE?
MAYBE HE MADE
THE FUNNY
ROARING HORSE I
HEARD WITH HIS HOOPS!

BLACK JACK



BLACK JACK

THE ANGULOUS
SMASHED UP
AT BLACKJACK
AND HIS
FRIGHTENED
RED RAN
DOWN,
DOWN,
DEEP
IN THE
FLOOD.
HE WENT—
THEN
ROGAN
FIGHTING
HIS WAY
TO THE
SURFACE!



HANG ON, JOEY!
HE'LL SAVE US
IF ANYTHING
CAN!

MEANWHILE, IN THE GUEST WATERBED BELOW,
ROCKY LANE WAITED WITH OTHERS. ONE OF
THEM THE RANCHER WHOSE WIFE AND CHILD
WERE IN THE FLOOD...



MY WIFE AND
KID ARE UP
THERE!

SO'S MY HORSE.
BLACKJACK'S IN
HEAPS NEAR YOUR
FOLKS, JOEY. HE'LL
TRY TO HELP THEM!

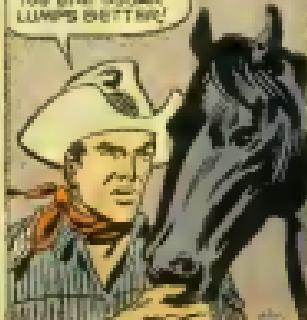


LOOK—
THERE THEY ARE!
YOUR HORSE IS
WITH THEM,
MARSHAL!

THE MEN GOT ALL THREE
ASHORE A MOMENT LATER. BLACKJACK WAS TIRED AND
DRUNKEN...
YOU DID A GREAT
JOB, JOEY. I'D BUY YOU
DIAMONDS... BUT
YOU LIKE RUBIES
LUMPS BETTER!

THANK YOU,
BLACKJACK.
THANK YOU
FOR SAVING
MARGARET AND
ME!

YOU'RE
THE BEST,
BLACKJACK!
WE'LL NEVER
FORGET
YOU!



BLACK JACK

CORN BISSES AND HIS GANG OF BUTCHERS HAD JACK BOLAND TRAPPED! THEY PLANNED TO LOOT HIS HERD AND LEAVE HIS WILDLANDS! AND BOLAND COULDNT SEE ANY WAY OUT! THEN BLACK JACK APPEARED...LEAVING HIS WILD HORSE HERD!

ROCKY LANDS

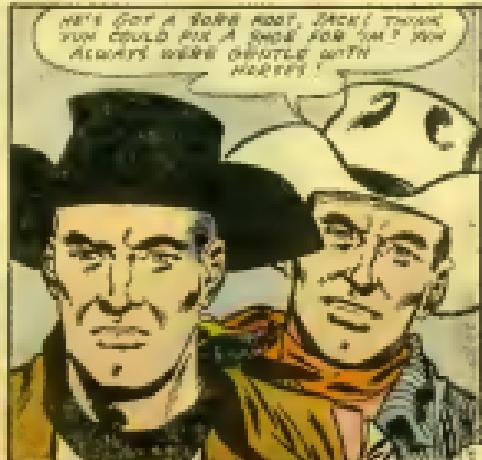
BLACK JACK

IT'S THAT BLACK DEVIL I SAW THEM...WHOOH!

MUSTANG ARMY



JACK BOLAND LIVED
THE SOUTHERN
ON HIS
RANCHES.
ROCKY
LANDS
AND
THE
RANCHES
WERE
OLD
FRIENDS



BLACK JACK

BLACK JACK LET THE FANGER
SHOVE ANOTHER KICKBUSH
TO HIS FOOT...

THAT SHOE SHOULD STINK
BACK! I'M GOIN' TROWD
HIM LOOSE LATER, TODAY;
LET HIM SOAK
OUT WEST UP!
HE LOSES
THAT!

HE'S A FULL HORSE OR
THE RANTABOIS WHEN
HE HADN'T GOT HIS
SADDLE ON 'EM

HE'S A GREAT HORSE, BOY!
I DARE HE'D COME AND FIGHT
ME WHEN HE'S FRAKH' THE
PLANTS!



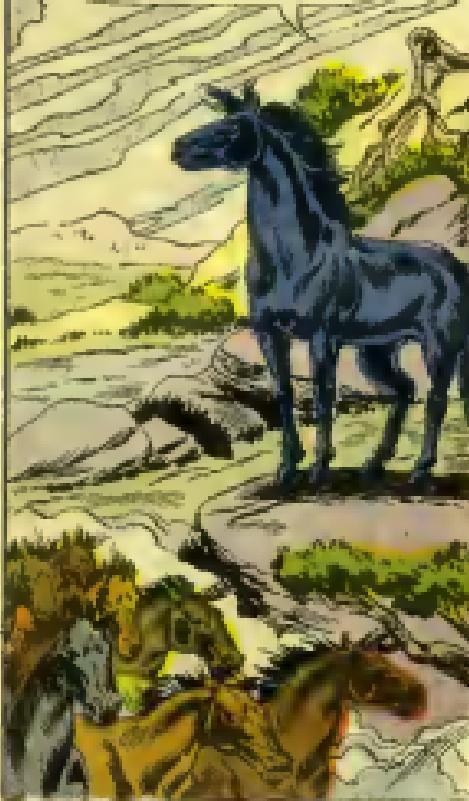
RONN
SET
BLACK -
HORR
FREE
LATER.
THAT
DAY I
BLACK
HORR
KICKED
UP HIS
HEELS
AND
SET
OFF AT
A RUM.



BLACK JACK

BLACK JACK TOOK UP HIS DATES AT LUNCH AS THOUGH HE'D NEVER BEEN AWAY!

WE NEED MORE HORSES! DRIVE THE HERD INTO THE BLIND CANYON--WE CAN TAKE OUR PICK THERE!



BLACK JACK

BOLAND STRUCK AT EYELIKE'S GUN AS THE
BUTTLE PULLED THE TRIGGER! THE FIRST
GUNFIRE MISSED AND...

THAT WOULD
LOOK OUT!



STAND STILL, ALL OF YOU!
QUIT, BLACKFACE! IT'S
ALL RIGHT NOW!



KEEP AWAY FROM MY RANCH, EYELIKE!
AND DON'T RIDE BLACKFACE! IF
YOU DO, EDDY LARRELL SHAN'T
HIT CLEAR THRU THE BARDEN!



JACK
BOLAND
HEADED
FOR
HIS
RANCH
AND
BLACKFACE
LED
HIS
HERO
IN
THE
SAME
DIRECTION.



BLACK JACK

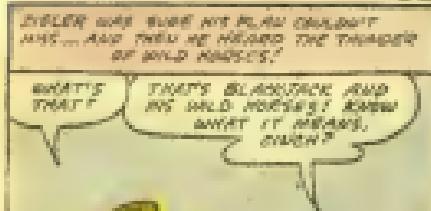
BLACK JACK'S
HORSES
CREATED
CONTRABAND
ON THE
HIGH MEETIN'
ONLY
BLACK JACK
HAD
AWAWE
OF THE
MEN
HIDDEN
IN THE
BRUSH...



BLACK JACK



BLACK JACK



NOTHIN'
COULD
STOP
THAT
GUY
BY
WILD
HORSES!
EDDIE
REACHED
FOR
HIS
GUNCH.



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4 Cruisers	8 Officers	8 Convoys
4 Sailors	8 Waves	4 Banzkamen
4 Officers	8 Waves	4 Marksmen

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